

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

with intense satisfaction witnessed the discomforture of Xerxes. And we were taught the A. B. C. of citizenship during our scholastic course. A Mayor and Municipal Council were elected for the boys by the boys; by-laws for our management were passed; and then even Courts were established for the trial of minor offences. A row in the playground was disposed of before a tribunal in which the Master became judge, and some of the pupils acted as counsel, witnesses and jurymen—the sentence being properly in the hands of the Bench. I was too young to be a very active participant in these formalities, but have a distinct recollection of them. We were made as familiar as boys could well be with the various forms of government, and while politics were not openly taught, we were strongly tinctured with the belief that a free republic is infinitely better than an unlimited monarchy. Although full of nervous energy, impulsive and positive in his opinions, Cooper possessed wonderful control over his temper, and seldom exhibited its weakest side. Once only did I see him lose ordinary curb over it, and then he severely chastised a lad who had, without provocation, applied an opprobrious epithet to another. Once again I witnessed the coming storm, but then it was softened by a feeling of regret which mitigated deserved punishment on the part of an offender. A lad full of animal spirits, and the victim of an irresistible feeling of drollery, took advantage of the master's absence on one occasion, bored a hole into the plaster bust of Milton, near to the melancholy mouth of the great poet, placed a short pipe in the aperture, and decorated the neck of the author of "Paradise Lost" with a narrow blue ribbon, tastefully tied into a fashionable bow. Need it be wondered that such a profanation

called forth the lightnings of our offended Jove? The hurricane came, and the sinner quailed before it, but Humor pled with Mercy, she prevailed over frowning Justice, and with a smile, sad and forgiving even if somewhat grim, the Judge kindly warned the culprit never to repeat such a desecration of the memory of the highest and noblest in England's Pantheon. Our work was not all play. Young as I was, a place was found for me in a Latin class, and my text-book was a grammar which, from the first page to the last, was written in the Latin tongue. I was too young for the work, even with English instruction, but in some fashion or other, stumbled through translations of *Æsop's Fables* before I left that school. I had made fair progress in geography, arithmetic and Lindley Murray, when I bade farewell to my teacher, and was placed under other control.

To tell of Cooper's erratic career, after he closed his Academy, let me add a few words. Abandoning the cane, he took up the pen. For some months before he closed the school-room door for ever, he had been engaged as a local correspondent of one of the oldest newspapers in England, and by his trenchant style and powers of sarcasm attracted the attention of its editor. For a short time he attempted trade, sold leather, and lost money, but he was not born to die a millionaire. He entered into an engagement with the Stamford "Mercury," had a brilliant opening made for him, but desired complete independence not only of thought but of action, and threw up his commission. Leaving the newspaper, he started the world afresh, and opened a coffee shop in Leicester, his native town. Here he rapidly drifted into political discussion, became prominent amongst the chartist stocking weavers, lectured, and was wor-